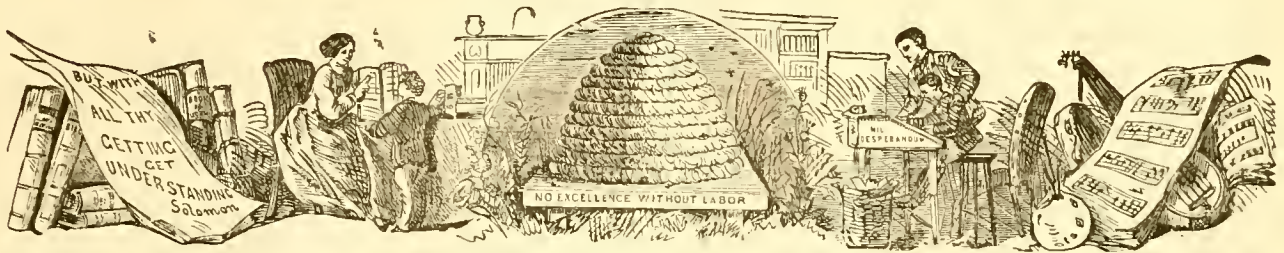


THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

HOLINESS TO THE LORD.



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THE SHAH OF PERSIA.

Now that the great International Exhibition has brought together people from every nation, comparatively little notice is taken of oriental costumes. It is only in recent times that this has been the case. On the late visit of the Shah of Persia to England he was the cause of great interest and excitement. It may be that the magnificent jewels that adorned the person of the Shah had much to do with this. The quiet dress of our rulers, even of our chief magistrate—so much in harmony with our republican institutions—is entirely out of place in oriental coun-



tries, where royalty is recognized. In those countries magnificence of dress is associated in the minds of the people with government; and the greater the ruler the more costly and resplendent the costume.

The government of Persia is, notwithstanding all this brilliance, a despotism. The king, or Shah, as he is called in Persian, is uncontrolled by any constitutional or legal checks, and can put to death at pleasure any of his subjects.

This is any thing but a desirable state of society according to our ideas, but in this we have only a condition

such as history shows to have obtained in the remote times. And we may almost fancy in the accompanying picture the appearance of the great Cyrus, king of Persia, spoken of in the Bible, from whom the present royal family of Persia claim to be descended.

OLD MODES OF TRAVEL.

(Concluded.)

DURING the time when stage-coach conveyance was only available along a very limited number of roads, and in that still earlier period when such roads as existed were impassable for wheeled carriages, women were accustomed to ride behind one of the under sex, on what was called a pillion (from pillow). This is defined by Johnson as a soft saddle set behind a horseman for a woman to sit on. Even queens, on long journeys, preferred a seat on a pillion, behind one of their officers, to any other mode of conveyance. When Katharine of Spain came over, in 1501, to marry Arthur, son of Henry VII., she rode on a horse from the Tower to St. Paul's, "with the pillion behind a lord named by the King." A similar method of riding is not obsolete even in the present day in remote country districts, if we may trust to certain representations of weddings in North Wales, where the bride and bridegroom are depicted as galloping furiously from a church, the former keeping her seat in a manner that we should conceive impossible to any but a professional circus-rider.

The gentleman's carriage of the eighteenth century was a cumbersome and gaudy piece of architecture, somewhat resembling the Lord Mayor's coach of modern times. Glass windows were first added to coaches at the beginning of the seventeenth century, and springs about forty years later. Under the seat of the coachman was carried a box (hence the name of coach-box), for containing the hammer and other tools that might be wanted to repair damages. This was concealed by the hammer-cloth, which name is still retained in carriages of the present day, though no modern John is expected to be an accomplished carpenter and wheelwright, as well as an experienced charioteer. Nor was this all unnecessary. The travelers in coaches had many perils to encounter from collisions with reckless carmen by day, and from dimly-lighted holes and pits in the road by night.

Sedan chairs were first seen in England when Charles, son of James II., on his return from Spain, brought with him three specimens of a peculiar character, somewhat resembling the Indian palankeen in the manner in which they were carried. The favorite, Buckingham, being in the habit of traveling about London in one of these, was abused by the populace for turning men into "slaves and beasts of burden." In spite, however, of popular clamor, and the furious opposition of coach-drivers, this new and handy method of traveling steadily grew into favor. The frontispiece of a tract published in 1636, and entitled "Coach and Sedan Pleasantly Disputing for Place and Precedence," represents the form of the sedan and its bearers touting for custom. The mode of carrying was the same as that adopted in the later sedans. In the eighteenth century we find that the sedan, though considerably altered in form from the original type, had become a universal mode of conveyance for the higher and middle classes of society. The state of the pavement in the metropolis and the chief cities of Great Britain, caused the sedan to be preferred, both for comfort and safety, to every description of coach. As there were no footpaths, and only a line of posts in the principal streets to protect pedestrians, none would even

walk any distance who could afford to hire a sedan. The London chairmen were a numerous and influential body. Those who were in the service of the aristocracy had their gorgeous liveries, epaulettes, and cocked hats. The hackney chairmen pervaded the neighborhood of tavern doors, where they waited to be hired. They were chiefly Irishmen, and were distinguished by their muscular development, especially in the calves of their legs. That they were believed to be somewhat given to insolence may be gathered from an incident in one of Smollett's novels, where, in retaliation for the hero having been insulted by two chairmen, the man who acts as his servant and trusty henchman conceals a number of heavy weights about his person, and hires the delinquents to carry him a certain distance. Staggering under the unusual load, each chairman suspects his comrade of not taking his fair share of the burden, and begins to abuse him accordingly. The strife waxing hotter, the two belligerents ultimately set down both box and passenger, in order to settle the dispute with their fists; while the real author of the quarrel quietly slips away having deposited his weights in the chair for the subsequent enlightenment and consolation of the mutually-battered disputants.

In McCulloch's account of the British Empire we read that "It was not till after the Peace of Paris, in 1763, that turnpike roads began to be extended to all parts of the kingdom." It is not surprising, therefore, that the old method of transporting goods on the backs of horses should have been practised up to a comparatively recent period. Passengers, also frequently availed themselves of this primitive mode of traveling. Smollett's *Roderick Random* is described as riding from Scotland to Castle-on-Tyne, sitting upon a pack-saddle between two baskets; one of which contained his goods in a knapsack. The pack-horses traveled in gangs of thirty or forty, walking in a single file. The leading and most experienced horse carried a number of bells as a guide for those which followed him, and also as a warning to travelers coming in an opposite direction, who were expected to step off the narrow causeway until the whole train had passed. When two strings of pack-horses met in this way, a quarrel between the drivers of the respective gangs must have been all but inevitable; and, as these worthies had a much greater acquaintance with the *fortiter in re* than with the *suaviter in modo*, a free fight was the ordinary wind up of the controversy.

Bell's steamer, the *Cornet*, was the first practical steamboat that was employed for the conveyance of passengers. In 1812, this vessel, projected by Henry Bell, a tavern keeper, began regularly to ply between Glasgow and Greenock.

George, and his son, Robert Stephenson, were the founders of modern railway traveling. The locomotive, called the "Rocket," won a £500 prize offered by the directors of the Liverpool and Manchester railway in 1829, and it was the first that ran upon the new line. Compared to the modern locomotive, the Rocket was but an infant. It only cost about £550; weighed, with its tender, between seven and eight tons; and its greatest speed was about twenty-four miles an hour. Some modern engines cost £2,000 or more; weigh, with their tenders, forty-five tons; and have the power of attaining a speed of more than sixty miles an hour.

WHEN once a concealment or deceit has been practiced in matter where all should be fair and open as day, confidence can never be restored, any more than you can restore the white bloom of the grape or plum that you once pressed in your hand.

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

THE following letter was written by Elder S. P. Richards, who is now filling a mission to the Sandwich Islands, to his former teachers and schoolmates of the 14th Ward Sunday School, under date of Kahuwa, Hilo, Hawaii, May 31, 1876:

"In my former letter to you I promised that when time and opportunity permitted I would again write to the Sunday School. That time presenting itself, I now take the opportunity to fulfill my word. In that letter I also stated that I composed it while lying on my stomach on a native mat. This time I am a little more favored. The native Saints here where we (my fellow laborer Bro. H. S. Woolley and myself) are now stopping, are the lucky possessors of two chairs, and with the assistance of a piece of wide board, a hammer and a few nails, we have constructed a temporary table, which answers the purpose of a writing desk, although a very rude one; so I can now write with some little comfort. This is also one reason for my writing at the present time, not knowing how soon I may again be favored with the conveniences which I have here.

"Before proceeding further I would say 'aloha nui' to the scholars and teachers of the school, with whom I was formerly acquainted, and also to those with whom I am not acquainted, who may be attending as pupils, or assisting as teachers in forming and instructing the minds of the youth in things pertaining to their future joy and happiness.

"I have nothing special on my mind to write about, but will scratch down on the paper that which appears to my idea as likely to be of interest. But a few days since I read the account in the *News* of the terrible powder magazine explosion near the city. If my young friends of the Sabbath School can remember the feelings they experienced at the shaking of the earth on that occasion, they can conceive something of what an earthquake is like. I do not know that any of them have seen or felt an earthquake in Utah; but such things are frequent here on the Sandwich Islands, the shocks, though, being light, and seldom doing much damage. When on my first visit to this island some time in the latter part of May or fore part of June of last year, and while stopping at a place about twenty miles from the active volcano of 'Kilauea' and in sight of the bright light which could be seen clearly every night just above the pit, I remember being awakened one clear, quiet night (sometime after retiring to bed) by the squeaking and shaking of the house as though it was about to be blown over by a strong wind; still I did not feel the least concerned, or frightened, by the shock (for it was an earthquake) but soon fell asleep again.

"A few months afterwards, two of the Elders from Zion were stopping at the same place, when quite a heavy shock of earthquake occurred in broad daylight. One of them was seated in the house reading, when the book was shaken out of his hands, causing him to hasten out of the building to learn what was the matter. The other was sitting on the veranda when the shock passed, causing a very peculiar sensation, like sea sickness, to pass through his body; and to such an extent that he thought for a while he was really sea sick. Some people are peculiarly affected by the slightest shocks of earthquake, while others treat them as a common thing.

"It is on account of frequent earthquakes that houses on these islands are seldom built of rock or other similar heavy material. Most all dwelling houses put up by the foreigners, except in the three or four largest towns of the group, where

rock buildings are constructed, to a very limited extent, are built of lumber. Some few native houses are of lumber; but the great majority of them are constructed of a framework of some kind of native wood, and then covered with grass, or the long, broad leaves of a tree called 'hala.' The native mats also are made of this leaf.

"In a real Hawaiian house there is not a nail used in the construction, but every stick or tumbler is joined and made fast with the strong, tough bark of some tree or shrub, different varieties of which abound on the islands. Some of the barks are very durable, lasting from ten to twenty years, as long as the house remains standing.

"There is a saying that 'those whose works are evil, desire darkness for their evil works.' I won't say that the above remark applies to this people; but for some reason or other they appear to be very fond of darkness; for there are few of them, indeed, who put windows (either open or glass windows) in their houses; and those who do so usually darken them with heavy curtains or blinds. I presume one great cause for their so doing is because they sleep so much. Nearly the whole of their time not employed at work (those who are not bound by the foreigners to work on the sugar plantations spend but very little of their time in labor) is spent in sleep. The nature of the food upon which they live increases this slumberous desire within them, and as they are such hands to eat, often gormandizing excessively, it is no wonder they want to sleep. The Sandwich Islanders are noted all the world over, nearly, for being great eaters; and if you could see some of them at this, their favorite pursuit, as I have, I think you would say they certainly sustain the reputation accorded them.

"I believe that I remarked before, that many of the natives were often sick. One fruitful cause of it is their sleeping in close, dark houses, repeatedly breathing over the same offensive air, contaminated with the smoke from their tobacco pipes. It would be almost enough to kill a white person under similar circumstances. I have often been amused to see the natives partially arise from their slumbers in a half wakeful mood, light their tobacco, take two or three whiffs, and put the pipe into the hand of the person lying by his or her side (the females are just as inveterate smokers as the males), and he or she, as the case might be, while sound asleep, would smoke away at the pipe till satisfied, then lay it down, being perfectly unconscious of the act performed. Such is the result of a habit which almost borders on a curse to the nation.

"I hope my young schoolmates who hear this account, will accustom themselves from this on to sleep in well ventilated, airy rooms, when they are forced to sleep indoors, for without good, pure air to breathe, our life is but a poor, miserable existence; and also that they will forever forsake, and resist the injurious habit of the use of tobacco. What is good for the scholar is beneficial for the teacher; or, in other words, what will give health and happiness to the young, will strengthen the old and cause them to rejoice.

"A boy, who is old enough to think for himself, that will commence the use of tobacco, or intoxicating drinks, merely to imitate the actions of his older comrades, because he thinks it looks exalting, is, to say the least, very foolish indeed. Let not my schoolmates who are growing up under the teachings of good parents, and the servants of God, be guilty of such folly. 'Honor your fathers and your mothers,' for they will lead you into truth, 'that your days may be long in the land' where peace and righteousness prevail.

"There are no children so favored of the Lord as those who are born of parents that are true Latter-day Saints.

"Immediately succeeding the writing of my former letter, Bro. B. Stringham and I made the entire circuit of the island of Maui, on which we were then traveling, and saw for the second time, the sights and scenery of that island; and again met and associated with a great many of the natives whom we saw on our former trip.

"We did not have as favorable a report of the condition of the different branches on that island, as we had formerly, as we found a great many of the members of the Church engaged in making and drinking intoxicating drinks, and also selling them; all of which is contrary to the laws of the land, as well as displeasing in the sight of God. They do it so secretly that few are caught and made to suffer the just penalty of the law. The same thing prevails, and to a greater extent, among those who are not members of our Church.

"We returned to Oahu and made the circuit of that island previous to the April conference. We thus made the round of four islands between two conferences, being in distance of miles traveled about 845, including the trips by sea between the islands. In that time we held some eighty odd meetings.

"Our conference at Laie, held on the 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th of April past, was very interesting and instructive, as our conferences always are. There are but four of the Elders from Zion to travel and labor in the ministry, the other one remaining on the Laie plantation to assist our president; and our appointments at the conference were: Brothers B. Stringham and W. H. Branch to the islands of Maui, Molokai and Lanai, Brother H. S. Woolley and myself to this large island, and Brother R. G. Lambert to stay at Laie.

"My stay on Laie was short, being but one week, and on the 11th, two days after conference, I again started out to travel and preach.

"Left Oahu for 'Hawaii nei,' on the 24th of April, on board the island steamer 'Kilanea,' which steamed up here, about 150 miles, in 27 hours, including stoppages at the other islands.

"God's providence was made manifest in our behalf on the trip to our present field of labors, in this way: we thought of coming up on Saturday the 22nd, aboard a small schooner; but on going to the wharf at Honolulu we were just in time to be too late, for the vessel had pushed off. We contented ourselves, and waited over Sunday, and on Monday evening we went on board the steamer, which started off at 5:30 p. m. Tuesday afternoon we passed the schooner, on which we thought of sailing, still a long ways out from this island. It was probably Wednesday before its passengers landed. We came up cabin fare for half price (\$5) on the steamer, had plenty of the best to eat and were not sea sick. But had we sailed on the schooner, our fare would have been \$8 and our food salt salmon and 'poi,' besides a 'glorious' siege of several days' undesirable sea sickness. The Lord often overrules things in that way for the good of His servants.

"We have been on this island now over five weeks, have traveled nearly 150 miles and held some twenty meetings; are now going through the wet district of the island where it rains every day and the roads are so miry that we, at times, have to alight from our animals and drive them ahead through the deep mud. After this week we will be in another section of country, called Puna, where it is the opposite extreme from this; that is, nothing but a bed of rough, sharp lava rock.

"My best wishes to the scholars and teachers of the school, and if any of them can spare time to write to an old school-mate and friend he will be pleased to hear from them."

Questions and Answers

ON THE BOOK OF MORMON.

LESSON CX.

Q.—In the year 30, what did Jacob command his people to do?

A.—To flee into the northern part of the land and there build up a kingdom.

Q.—What did Nephi do in the next year?

A.—He began to preach to the people.

Q.—What instance is given of his great faith?

A.—He restored his brother to life, after he had been stoned to death by the people.

Q.—What occurred in the first month of the year 34?

A.—A great storm arose, during which many cities were destroyed.

Q.—How long did this tempest continue?

A.—Three hours.

Q.—What succeeded it?

A.—A thick darkness which lasted three days.

Q.—In the midst of this darkness what was heard?

A.—A voice, calling upon the people to repent.

Q.—When the darkness was dispelled, how did the people feel?

A.—They were filled with joy and thanksgiving.

Q.—While a multitude of people were standing near the temple in Bountiful, what did they hear?

A.—A voice, which appeared to come from heaven.

Q.—What is said of this voice?

A.—It was not loud or harsh; but pierced the people to the heart, and caused them to tremble.

Q.—How many times did they hear it?

A.—Three times.

Q.—On looking upwards, what did they then see?

A.—A man descending out of heaven.

ON THE BIBLE.

Q.—Did Moab grant David his request?

A.—Yes; he allowed his father and mother to dwell with him while David was in the land.

Q.—Who told David to depart?

A.—The prophet Gad.

Q.—Where was he to go?

A.—To the land of Judah.

Q.—When David departed, where did he go?

A.—To the forest of Hareth.

Q.—When Saul heard that David was discovered, what did he say to the men that were with him?

A.—He asked whether they had conspired against him, and if David was able to reward them as well as himself.

Q.—Who made answer to Saul?

A.—Doeg the Edomite.

Q.—What did he tell Saul?

A.—That Ahimelech had enquired of the Lord for David, given him victuals, and also the sword of Goliath.

Q.—What did King Saul do when he heard this?

A.—He sent for Ahimelech the priest and all his father's house.

Q.—What did Ahimelech say when he was charged by Saul with conspiring against him?

A.—"Let not the king impute anything unto his servants, nor to all the house of my father; for thy servant knew nothing of all this, less or more."

Q.—What was the king's reply?

A.—"Thou shalt surely die, Ahimelech, thou, and all thy father's house."

Q.—Who did Saul tell to slay the priests of the Lord?

A.—"The footmen that stood about him."

THE APACHES.

BY J. Z. S.

THE Apaches are quite a numerous tribe of Indians, and occupy, as a hunting ground, a great portion of the Territory of Arizona, in the eastern part. They formerly owned considerable land in the northern part of the State of Chihuahua (pronounced Che-waw-waw), Mexico.

They were known as a good and friendly people, until a number of men from Texas were hired to kill them off. These men were promised a certain sum of money for every Apache scalp they would take. To accomplish their wicked design, they made a feast at a place in the western part of the State of Chihuahua, called El Valle, to which they invited the Apaches. Many of the Indians came, and all unarmed, because all was peace, and they had not the slightest suspicion of any plot against them. Little did they know of the treachery of those white men whom they mistook for friends! While they were joyfully preparing to partake of the feast, at a sign from the leader of the Texans, who had their arms concealed, they commenced firing upon upon these poor, defenseless Indians, and succeeded in killing one hundred and fifty of them on the spot. The feelings of those who escaped can be better imagined than described. They left Mexico, and from that day to this they have made raids upon the people who came in and took their land and on those living in the northern part of Mexico, and such a scourge have they been to that people that the government of the State of Chihuahua gives \$250,00 for every Apache-scalp taken in the State.

The Apaches are now aware there is a premium offered for their scalps, and go in parties sufficiently large to resist any force which they are likely to meet. In the year 1869 they ran off the stock belonging to the people of Cruces. The people attempted to rescue their stock, but in so doing every man except one was killed, and the affrighted women and children fled to the church for safety. The Indians were armed with bows and arrows, and spears, and the men of Cruces with muzzle-loading guns. For a time the Mexicans seemed to be gaining ground, but during the fight a shower came up, which wet the powder so that the guns of the Mexicans became useless, when the Indians rode up and killed them with their spears. The Indians did not harm the women and children, but took the stock and left.

The agents of the United States Government have been trying for several years to bring the Apaches into subjection, but were unable to effect much until they adopted the plan of enlisting them as scouts. In this way they have brought to terms all except about one hundred and fifty Cheticahua Apaches, and when the winter was over, in reservation there were eight hundred Apache scouts and four hundred regular soldiers after them, who would probably have brought them in.

The Apaches are a polygamous people, having several wives each, and as a natural consequence, they are a virtuous people. The penalty among them for lack of chastity is death. They are a religious people, and believe in the existence of a God, and also in Jesus Christ. They give God credit for everything, and whatever happens they believe is all right and just as God designs. They pray to God every night, before going to bed, and ask Him to preserve their lives and help them to do what He wants of them. In passing through their country, you may see great heaps of edible stones and they say that no Apache passes one of these heaps without saying a prayer and

adding a stone to the pile, and thus the great heaps are formed.

The Apaches say that they know that all the Indians are brethren, and that all this land once belonged to them; and they believe that they will eventually conquer the whites and own it again. They say the Lord used to talk to their fathers, and they often feel bad and cry much because He will not talk to them now.

The Apaches do not love to take life; indeed, they frequently weep over those they have slain. They never kill any animal that they do not need for food. They treat whites who visit them with kindness, and feed them on the best they have. They have nearly all, as before remarked, been brought under military control; but during the time of the war with them, many people used their influence to have the Apaches all killed off, or exterminated, as it is called; and they cited, as justification, many instances where the Indians had murdered people, and where they had robbed and plundered towns and committed many barbarous deeds. But these men never pretend to tell but one side of the story. Let me here caution the reader by repeating an old adage: "One side of a story is very good until the other is told." But I have almost concluded that one side is good for nothing until the other is told.

Were you to hear the stories related by these Indians, of treachery, cruelty and other wrongs perpetrated by the whites upon them, many of which would bring tears of pity to the eyes of any but the unfeeling, you could then more fully realize the truth of the foregoing adage, and that the Indians have just reasons for much of their seemingly unjustifiable conduct.

Let us treat the Indians kindly, for they, like us, have feelings, and duty requires us to set them a good example. Never turn them hungry or cold from our doors, for they do not turn away white people who go to them in that condition, but they help them all they can. Let us not allow these poor, and in many instances much abused, people to be more charitable and humane than we are.

RICH WITHOUT MONEY.—Many a man is rich without money. Thousands of men with nothing in their pockets, and thousands without even a pocket, are rich. A man born with a good, sound constitution, a good stomach, a good heart, good limbs and a pretty good head-piece, is rich. Good bones are better than gold; tough muscles are better than silver; and nerves that flash fire and carry energy to every function, are better than houses and land. It is better than a landed estate to have the right kind of a father and mother. Good breeds and bad breeds exist among men as really as among horses and cattle. Education may do much to check evil tendencies or to develop good ones; but it is a great thing to inherit the right proportion of faculties to start with. The man is rich who has a good disposition—who is naturally kind, patient, cheerful, hopeful, and who has a flavor of wit and fun in his composition.

The hardest thing to get on with in this life is a man's own self. A cross, selfish fellow, a desponding and complaining fellow, a timid and care-burdened man—these are all born deformed on the inside. They do not limp, but their thoughts sometimes do.

SOME people are so tenacious of memory, that they forget nothing but the services they have received and the errors they have committed.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON. - - - - - EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, AUGUST 15, 1876.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

GOLD in the Black Hills! Gold in the creeks, gold in the ravines, gold in the gulches, gold in the canyons, gold in the valleys, gold in mountains, gold everywhere! This is the cry which is spread concerning the lands of the Indian. The gold fever is raging. Men of the East, men of the West, men of the North and men of the South are seized with it. They have been rushing thither. Government foreseeing the excitement which the discovery of gold would create, made an effort to buy the country from the Indians. But they would not sell: or, at least, not for the price the Government would give. The failure of the Government to buy did not kill the fever. Neither was the fever checked, by the fact that a treaty had been made with the Indians concerning these lands, in which the Government pledged itself that "no white person shall be permitted to settle upon" them. The column of gold hunters pressed towards the Black Hills. The Government sent troops there and made a feeble attempt to stop the miners from going into that country. But, after awhile, the gold seekers were left free to go there as they pleased. They are digging gold all over the Hills wherever they can find it; they are building towns and filling up the country as fast as their fears will let them.

They have some fears, however. They have a fear of the Indians. While they think they have a perfect right to go where they choose in the Indian country, and do as they please there, they may have an idea that the Indians may have different views upon this subject. The Indians, they know, may take it into their heads to kill and scalp the white men whom they find, as intruders and trespassers. Cases of this kind have occurred, and they may occur again. This fear acts as a check upon the gold seekers.

The treatment of Indians by the people of this nation, and the feeling they entertain respecting them, is one of the most remarkable fulfillments of prophecy to be found on record. Jesus said to the people of this continent, as we find in the Book of Mormon, that the white men or Gentiles should scatter those whom we now call Indians, should cast them out, tread them under foot, smite and afflict them, hate them, make them a hiss and a by-word and slay them. The Indians should be reduced to a remnant. Has this been done to the Indians by the people of this nation? Are these the feelings they have towards them? Yes, indeed. They are hated with a hatred that can scarcely be expressed. It is frequently said that the only good Indian is a dead Indian, and the sooner they are killed the better it will be. The general feeling is that they must all be killed off. The buffalo, the antelope and the other wild animals of the land are being destroyed, and it is said that the Indian must perish with them. It is said that they are doomed to speedy destruction. Probably outside of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints there are not

half a dozen persons in the nation who think otherwise. They are counted unfit to live. Men say, it is no use to try and civilize them. They never have been, they never can be, they say, be made anything of. Savages they have been, savages they are and savages they will be, and, they say, it is useless to try and teach them to be anything else. So, by the great majority of the nation, they are given up as hopeless, and are looked upon as so many wild beasts whom it is no harm to kill and whom it would be a great relief to have out of the way.

There was a time when it was acknowledged that the Indians had a right to the soil upon which they lived. The government would go through the ceremony of buying the land from them at a nominal price. But now there are large numbers of people who deny them all right to the land upon which they and their forefathers have lived. It is not long since that a Senator stood up in his place in the United States Senate and said, speaking of the Indians:

"When you describe them as the owners of the soil, you might as well aver that the rattlesnake, the coyote, and the buffalo are the proprietors of the land where they dwell. They were never the owners of the soil. The law of nations, the law of civilization, the law of humanity repels the assertion as baseless and unfounded. They had the mere right of occupancy. They had the right to exist."

The argument now is, that the white man being a civilized man, has every right superior to the Indian, who is a savage. If the white man thinks he has need for the land which the Indian occupies, the latter has no right to refuse him, but should give it up! It is the white man's, because he claims to be civilized! In other words the white man belongs to the stronger and more numerous race, and "might makes right;" the Indian has no rights which the white man is bound to respect. In the words of the poet:

"The good old rule
Sufficeth them, the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can."

Such ideas as these shock every properly constituted mind. If these were correct, then any strong race, which thought itself superior to another would have the right to rob and crush it out. The Chinese call the Americans barbarians. They are counted by hundreds of millions. Suppose they were to send their hordes, and gradually edge us off until they had increased so as to take possession of all our lands. How would the Americans like that? They could then feel for the Indians whom they have treated in this manner. "God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth." The Indian has as much right to an existence and to a place to live as the white man. The Book of Mormon has taught us who they are, and what their future will be. And though the Lord has suffered the Gentiles to scourge them, He has not forgotten them, nor the promises He made to their fathers concerning them. He will protect and preserve them to accomplish His own purposes.

LITTLE THINGS.—Life is made up of little things. He who travels over a continent must go step by step. He who writes a book must do it sentence by sentence; he who learns a science must master it fact by fact, and principle after principle. What is the happiness of our life made up of? Little courtesies, little acts of kindness, pleasant words, genial smiles, a friendly letter, good wishes and good deeds. One in a million, once in a lifetime, may do a heroic action. But the little things that make up our life come every day and every hour.

A Trip to Our Antipodes.

CHAPTER XVI.

BY HUGH KNOUGH.

WE stated in the last chapter that the Maori is war-like, and indeed he is naturally so, for before the appearance of white men in the country, inter-tribal wars were incessant; and after their arrival, various causes led to conflicts of more or less importance and duration between the white men and the colored—conflicts however which never became a war of races: for, whenever a body of natives took up arms, there was always found a still larger number who espoused the cause of their new friends—the “pakeha,” or stranger. With regard to the fighting proclivities of the Maoris, and the prominence which has been given to them, it may be remarked, in the first place, the Maori people, as found by the Europeans, were possessed of a certain degree of civilization, the remains, it is thought, of a higher state from which they had degenerated. They recognized the rights of property: they had a code of laws and honor: they had a religion, with a dim idea of a future state, and their minds were gifted with the power of expansion; that is, they could and did easily learn. Having no other way in which to employ their intellectual faculties, they concentrated their studies upon the art of warfare. It is the same old story all the world over, whether in nations, communities, families, or individuals—those familiar lines “Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do,” are fully verified.

With the poor, untutored savage there is some excuse for quarreling, ill-feeling, hatred and bloodshed, but for those who have received the light of the everlasting gospel, and who are daily and hourly taught the difference between right and wrong, there is no excuse when they give way to these evil passions. Does any reader of the INSTRUCTOR ever commit these sins? If so, forsake them at once and forever, for if you do not, great will be your condemnation.

There were only three employments that found any favor with the Maoris, and they were war, planting and fishing, the two latter only when necessity compelled.

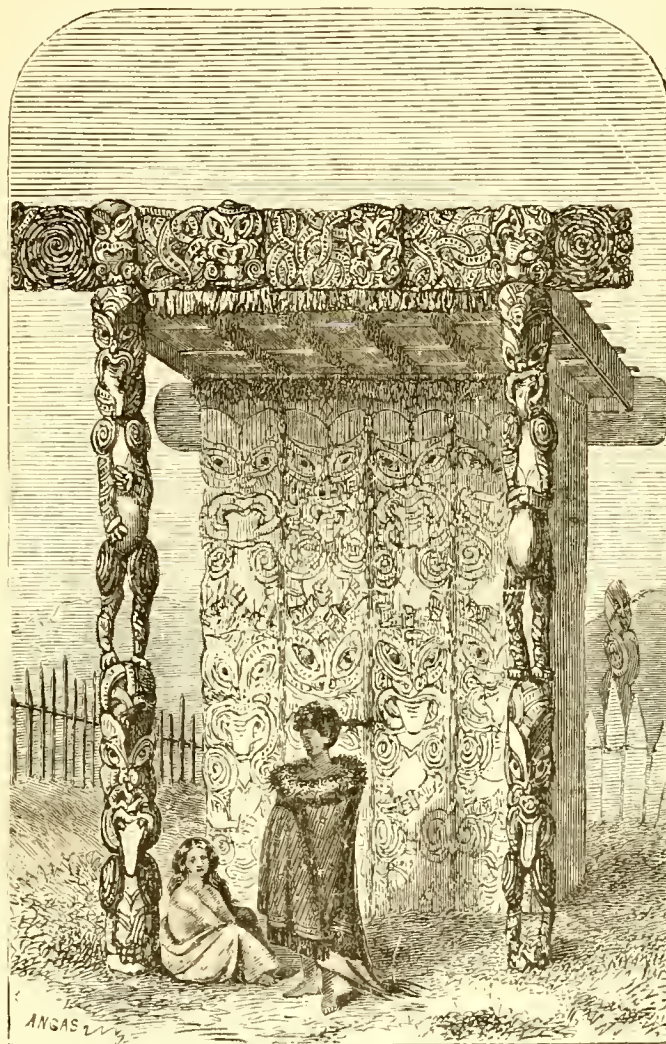
Now, my dear juveniles, do not think very harshly of these poor people, and turn up your noses at their barbarous customs and rude ways; for the very race of people I am about to compare them with are your own ancestors, the race from which we, the high-toned, civilized, educated and *ne plus ultra* of perfection have sprung: namely, the ancient Britons, and the wild tribes of northern Europe. True we do not read of our forefathers making a nice roast or pot-pie of their enemies as they caught them in battle, but then, they did nearly as bad to their foes, in various ways of horrid torture. Like the Maoris tattooing their bodies, the Britons stained their skins. They fought lustily among each other, until the Romans came and established colonies in their midst. They went nearly naked, or what covering they used was the skins of animals. They had no correct knowledge of a God; none could read or write, excepting a few priests, called Druids, and their means of subsistence were hunting and fishing. This was only a few hundred years ago, and now look at their descendants—the foremost people in arts, manufactures, trade and general education.

Lord Macaulay, the great historian, prophesies that in future centuries the New Zealander will be found standing on the ruins of London bridge, lamenting the fall and ruin of that great city, just in the same manner as people at the present time visit Rome—once the mistress of the world—and mourn her decay and degradation.

Let us then not look down on the Maori, but let us strive to elevate him, and instruct him in all that is good and beneficial, and above all impart to him a knowledge of the true faith, and teach him the way to eternal life and salvation—not swindle him out of his home and lands under the transparent fraud of barter of gewgaws and rum, as some

“Christian” missionaries have done, to my own knowledge, and when the poor savage has resented the imposition, used their influence with the government and had them butchered in cold blood. With but few exceptions, Christian (so called) missions have been a bane and a curse to the Maori race: for as a rule, the aim of these missionaries has been to aggrandize themselves, and in building themselves up, have trodden and kept down those whom they were sent to save and civilize.

We have a few missionaries of our own Church, in those islands, and let us pray God to impart to them that strength of will, with undying faith in His goodness and power, that they may be able to lead these benighted people aright, teaching them the way of life and salvation, and then all other good



SACRED BURYING GROUND.

things will naturally follow. These people are undoubtedly of the seed of Jacob, and have the mental capacity and inclination to be instructed.

The world has no record of the origin of this race of people, but from its physical possibility, and concurrent testimony of the various tribes, the tradition of their migration, as described in an authentic work on the aborigines of the country, (and which description was embodied in Bro. McLachlan's letter appearing in the last number of the INSTRUCTOR) is undoubtedly true in the main facts. It is uncertain from whence the Maoris originally came. They may have been Israelites, parties of whom emigrated from time to time from Asia and landed principally on the continent of America; and it can be readily understood how their rude vessels drifted by the winds and the waves, coming in sight of beautiful islands, they eagerly made them their future homes. Or they might be the descendants of those two ship loads of emigrants of whom the Book of Mormon speaks of having sailed from the west coast of America some fifty years before Christ, and of whom nothing subsequent was heard.

As an instance of proof of their strong resemblance to the Lamanites coming under my own observation, I will cite the following circumstance:

While on the Sandwich Islands, I one day suddenly met, as I thought, a Maori chief with whom I was intimately acquainted. I heartily grasped his hand and addressed him in Maori, and he answered me readily; and not for a few moments did I discover my mistake that the person I was addressing was a Kanaka, a stranger, and not my Maori friend. His features, build and gait were exactly like those of my friend, and as for the language, there is very little difference between the Maori and Kanaka. I have also closely observed and studied the manners and physique of the American Indians, that is, what few I have chanced to see, and find a very strong general resemblance, especially in the females, to the Maori tribes. What little knowledge of the Maori language I have, has not however, assisted me to understand the Indian tongue, but that is of little moment, for in England it is often a difficult matter for the people of one county to understand those of another.

Now, my dear readers, this, to me, is a very interesting subject for study; and I trust that some of you take a like interest in it. Take up your Book of Mormon and read of the exodus at various times of the Israelites, how they migrated, and formed colonies and built up great nations; also take out your map of the world and trace the probable course these emigrants sailed, and then compare one thing with another, and you will surely find they are true and remarkably exact in all detail in the Book of Mormon.

THE POWER of money is on the whole, the greatest thing which has been done for the human race, even when accomplished by rich men, nor by subscription lists, but by men generally of small means. The greatest thinkers, discoverers, inventors and artists, have been men of modest wealth, many of them little raised above the condition of their fellow-men, in point of worldly circumstances.

And it will always be so. Riches are oftener an impediment than a stimulus to action; and in many cases they are quite as much a misfortune as a blessing. The youth who inherits wealth is apt to have life made too easy for him, and he soon grows satiated with it, because he has nothing left to desire. Having no special object to struggle for, he finds time heavy on his hands, and remains mortally and mentally asleep.

Leaves From a Log Book.

BY G. M. O.

CAPTURED BY RATS.

(Continued.)

"I BELIEVE the rats would soon have left nothing but my bones, for, despite my struggles, they were mastering me, when aid came from an unexpected quarter.

"Those buzzards, called by the natives 'zopilotes,' roosting on the yards and rigging of the brig are the natural scavengers of South American cities; they clean the streets of all offal and noxious matter, and destroy vermin with a zealous hatred. The birds are ugly and repulsive in appearance, but the inhabitants, knowing their value as public benefactors, never molest them; in fact, in many of the South American ports a heavy fine is imposed, and in some cases severe punishment is administered, to those who kill or interfere with the 'zopilotes.' As for myself, I shall always have a respect for the birds, unprepossessing as they look, for they came to my assistance, and with their strong claws and sharp beaks made short work of the rats; and it was not any too soon, for I have but a faint recollection of knowing that I was saved when I swooned or passed into a sort of delirium or half-conscious stupor, during which I imagined that the rats were still gnawing and tearing at my flesh. How long I remained in this condition, or how long I would have remained, I do not know. Sometime during the morning it commenced to rain, and the cooling influence of the shower brought me to my senses. But oh! what a plight I was in! my lips were swollen as large as your two fists; my legs and arms were as bad, in fact, it was much the same all over my body, and I was so stiff and sore that I could not move for some time. I began to fear that I was poisoned, and would have to lay there on the deck helplessly growing worse and suffering a death ten thousand times more horrible than being devoured by rats—dying by starvation! The idea was terrible, it made me summon all my resolution and strength, until after several efforts I managed to gain my feet. Luckily, I had fallen near the bulwarks, on the rail of which I was compelled to lean for support. The string of the oil skin sack, wound around my wrist during my struggle for life, had become so entangled and imbedded in my flesh that I could not get rid of the sack, which, though in reality light, seemed of a tremendous weight, and deprived me from using my arm.

"The sea breeze, however, revived me greatly, and I managed to get my swollen eye lids open wide enough to see that the old *Spoutan* was still at anchor. I tried to hail her, but my lips were so thick and swollen that I could not open my mouth. My voice seemed to go down my throat; and all the sound that came from my mouth was an unintelligible blubbling. I worked my way, by leaning on the rail, to the main rigging, where finding, after repeated trials, that I was unable to mount, I jammed myself between the lanyards, which, with the rail, gave me considerable support. Here I determined to hang until I was discovered by some one on the ship or by a passing boat.

"Well, we read and talk about expectation, about 'hope deferred' making the 'heart sick' and 'living in hope and dying in despair,' why, sir, the day before, every boat in the harbor came as near that brig as the sweep of their oars would allow;

but as I hung there in the rigging, helpless, and, as I thought, dying, I'm blessed if they didn't steer as clear of the craft as they would have done had a yellow flag been flying at her mast head.

"I have no doubt that my head and shoulders, wedged between the 'lanyards', looked from the distance like a 'dead eye' or a zopilote, and there was some excuse for the people in the ship not noticing me; but why the boats kept off and gave me such a wide berth I don't pretend to say.

"Hour after hour passed, and to me every hour seemed an age; the sun was fearfully hot, and I thought my head would split open. My thirst was terrible, and although I knew that the bottle in the sack dangling from my arm, contained water, yet I could not get at it. I believe I died or fainted and came to life again a dozen times during the day. Every time I revived I thought it would be the last, and that it would not be the sharks or the rats, but the buzzards who would pick my bones after all. But the rats, I knew, would come again at dark; the mere thought of them was maddening, and I tried again and again to call out and wave my stiff and paralyzed arms to attract the attention of the *Spartan's* people, or some passing boat, if within hail, for I could not see an object a foot from me. What with the heat of the sun on my head, the glare of the water, and the swelling of my eyelids, I was as blind as a bat hours before I was rescued from the painful position. Late in the afternoon our mate, passing in his boat, noticed a man's body or rather head and shoulders jammed between the shrouds of the brig. He pulled alongside for a closer inspection. I had just enough life remaining to utter a few faint groans, and to hear the exclamations of surprise when it was discovered who I was. They placed me tenderly and gently in the boat.

"Nothing touches a sailor's heart quicker than a comrade in distress, and when safely on board the ship, measures were promptly taken for my restoration. Unfortunately, as you know, Jack's medical knowledge is limited, and consequently their treatment of disease or accident is on the principle that violent attacks need violent remedies. I was first drenched with bucket after bucket full of salt water, until what little life there was left in me was nearly drowned out. Then a pint of 'horse salts' (Jack's infallible remedy for all sickness) was poured down my throat, followed by a glass of grog to make it stick. They calculated this would either kill or cure me, and I am happy to say I took the favorable turn, and three days after I reported for duty.

"In the meantime the boys were kept in a state of suspense, wondering how I got on board the brig, and what happened to me while there; but I was not over anxious to reveal the mystery, and it was some time before I let out that I had attempted to desert and had been captured by the rats."

Tom told me he still had the manuscript found in the brig, in his possession, and that I should have the pleasure of reading and translating it for him when the opportunity offered.

"I was compelled to take another cruise in the old ark," said he "before I got clear from her, and I'll tell you how it came about. Some time when you have nothing better to listen to."

Sailors on merchant vessels are usually allowed Sundays as liberty days, when they go on shore to amuse themselves as their inclination leads; which I am sorry to say, is too often to a "pauparee," or rum shop, where they pass the day drinking and carousing. A few, however, with better judgment and respect for themselves, visit the curiosities and notable places, make themselves familiar with the manners and customs of the natives, and gather up information gener-

ally that in after years proves of value, and benefit. On some vessels the use of a boat is allowed those of the crew who wish to enjoy themselves in that way.

Our supercargo was very fond of boat sailing and exploring around the bay. He had been many years on the coast, and seemed to be well posted in the history, in fact, in everything interesting connected with the country. I was usually his companion on these excursions, and he took a delight in explaining and answering my many inquiries. One evening as we were returning to the ship after a pleasant trip to the Bio-bio, the early inhabitants of the country was the topic of our conversation. I told him I knew but little of the Araucanians and their history. "Well," said he, "as our boat sails lazily along, we will stretch ourselves comfortably on the stern-seats and I will give you a brief history of these remarkable people."

To be Continued.

LETTERS TO OUR CHILDREN.

FROM A MISSIONARY IN THE SOUTHERN STATES.

SINCE we wrote to you last we have removed to Virginia. So familiarly and affectionately called the "Old Dominion," because it is the oldest of the States, and was the largest of the original thirteen. It is also called the "Mother of Statesmen," because George Washington and a number of other celebrated men were born here in Virginia.

Since the summer has fairly set in it has been very hot at times. The thermometer has often indicated 100° in the shade.

We have plenty of opportunities of laying before the people here the principles of the gospel, although the falsehoods that are so freely circulated concerning our people cause a great deal of prejudice against us. Still we are treated with respect and listened to with interest, and we make many friends.

The planters and farmers are very busy at this season of the year, it being the wheat harvest. Wheat is sown in the fall, and gathered about the end of June or the beginning of July. After the wheat harvest comes the oat harvest, and then the corn and tobacco. Tobacco is considered by the farmers to be the best paying crop. Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, Maryland, Kentucky and Missouri produce great quantities of tobacco, and are called the "Tobacco States." A great deal of care and consequent labor has to be bestowed upon this plant to prepare it for the market, to be used for chewing and smoking by its unfortunate devotees who have become enslaved to the habit of "using tobacco."

For your amusement and instruction, we will give you a story of the tobacco, which will in a pleasant manner give you some idea of the difficulties in raising it. We will let it speak for itself in telling its

STORY OF THE TOBACCO.

"The first I remember I was in company with thousands like myself in the pod of a fine, likely-looking plant, that was called the tobacco plant. One day we were gathered and shook out into a small canvas sack. We were like the dust, we were such fine, tiny, delicate seed. After we were shook out together into the sack, we were put away in a box at the house of a planter. Many days afterwards we were taken out to be put in a bed that had been prepared for us; and I will tell you how:

"A place had been cleared by the side of a 'branch' which flowed into a creek at the foot of a gentle slope. It was shel-

tered by woods from the keen winds, and moistened from the water running in the branch and the vapors arising therefrom. After the place had been cleared, several small loads of wood had been burned upon it, to effectually kill out all the weeds and grass, that we might not be choked out. The land was then worked over by the planter with a 'rubbing hoe,' and the mold all made fine and nicely prepared for us. We were then mixed with some ashes, and scattered over this bed, and lightly covered with a rich manure, called guano.

"All this trouble to prepare our bed is because we are such tiny seed, like dust, and when we first make our appearance we are such very small plants, although we grow so large and strong when we mature.

"In course of time we began to put in an appearance as tiny plants, showing two little leaves, almost requiring a magnifying glass to see us. We were just bursting into life, when we discovered we had a terrible enemy, in the shape of a little black bug, which, although very small, was very destructive, for, would you believe it, they devoured many of us entire, and destroyed the beauty of many of the rest of us by eating holes in our pretty leaves. But some of us escaped, and lived, growing larger every day, and strengthening with age.

"One day, after a heavy rain, the planter and his boys came down to the plant bed, and began to pull us up by the roots. This treatment seemed worse than the bug; for we were pulled out of the ground altogether. We were laid side by side in a basket, and did not feel very well under such treatment. When the basket was full we were carried out of the woods into the open country, into a large field that had been plowed and prepared for our reception. We were about the size of cabbage plants, and were planted out in this field about three feet apart. This taking us from our cosy plant bed, where we had grown up together so comfortably, and separating us out so far apart, made us feel rather dejected, and we drooped for awhile, and looked rather sickly; but there came a refreshing rain, and we got reconciled to the situation, and began to put forth our strength in quite a handsome plant.

"But would you believe it, here we found another enemy, called a 'cut worm,' a nasty, ugly worm if I may be allowed the expression, that cut down many of my fellows. But we were watched over by the planter and his boys, who, I am glad to relate, killed the worm that had been so destructive to us and had laid low so many of my plant bed companions. After a good rain other plants were brought forward from the plant bed, and our broken ranks were filled with nice, fresh plants. But our troubles were not yet at an end. I had noticed a very large fly flitting about us. It had a peculiar, long trunk, which it thrust forth when it sucked the sweetness from the pretty flowers on which it alighted. This trunk was coiled up when it alighted on us, and one day this fly, called a tobacco fly, and there were many of them, laid an egg on our leaves. Not much harm in laying an egg, was there? Oh, no, but the harm came afterwards; for in course of time the egg brought forth a caterpillar, that commenced feeding upon us, and grew very rapidly into a large, horned worm called the tobacco worm.

"I thought I was doomed to be eaten alive, just as I was beginning to look so grand, and after so much care had been bestowed upon me by my friends, the planters. However, they did not desert me, but came around one day on purpose to look after Mr. Worm, and to save me, so I had the satisfaction of beholding the death of my enemy, for the planter and his boys killed all they could find."

(To be Continued.)

ENTOMOLOGY-NO. 7

BY W. D. JOHNSON, JUN.

HEMIPTERA.

BELONGING to the group homoptera, is the very interesting insect known by the common name of "seventeen year locust," but this insect belongs to another sub order than that of the locust, which is of the family of orthopterous insects, such as those which did so much damage in this Territory a few years ago.

The scientific name of this insect is *cicada septendecim*, meaning seventeen years cicada; as it is that number of years passing through its transformations. It is about one inch in length, the head broad, large and convex; eyes on each side, and three ocelli on the crown. The antennae is short and hair-like. They have also a long tubular beak. The thorax is black, with orange red lines and an elevated spot resembling the letter X. The wing covers and wings are both transparent, distinctly veined, and expand two and one half to three inches; the legs are long and rather slim. The males are provided with an instrument with which they make a loud, buzzing sound that can be heard for a mile. These musical instruments are similar to a kettle drum in construction. They have one on each side of the body just behind the wings, which can be seen by raising them. They are formed by convex pieces of parchment like substance gathered into numerous plaits. The noise is produced by muscles attached to the inner side, which the insect contracts and relaxes as he chooses. The ovipositor of the female is a very curious instrument. It consists of three pieces; the two outer ones are grooved on the inside and toothed like a saw on the outer side; the central one is a sharp spear-like borer. The body is black, and the rings are edged with a dull orange color.

These insects generally appear in the latter part of May or early in June. In some parts of the United States they are so numerous at times, and come in such immense swarms, as to bend and even break the branches of trees upon which they alight; and they fill the air with the noise of their rattling drums from morning till night. They are quite abundant in some parts of this Territory, but they do not come in such numbers as to do much damage.

After pairing, the females proceed to lay their eggs, which they do in the following manner: they select the small branches and clasp them with their legs; then repeatedly thrust their piercer or ovipositor obliquely into the bark and wood, in the direction of the fibres; at the same time the little saws detach small splinters of wood which serve as a covering to the nest. In the groove thus made they deposit from ten to twenty eggs. The eggs are conveyed into the nest by means of the grooved side pieces of the piercer. One female lays from four to five hundred eggs, which are one twelfth of an inch long, and nearly white. The shell is so thin and delicate that the insect can be seen before the egg is hatched, which happens in fourteen, forty-two or fifty-two days, owing to circumstances and condition of the atmosphere.

The young cicadas soon after they are hatched, fall to the ground, and immediately bury themselves in the earth, by means of their strong fore feet, which are admirably adapted for digging. They follow the roots of plants, on the juices of which they feed, by puncturing them with their strong beaks. They live in this state for nearly seventeen years. There is but little change from the larva to the pupa state; the pupa have the wings dimly outlined on the sides of the body.

When the time arrives for the final change they ascend towards the surface and make cylindrical passages five eighths of an inch in diameter; in these they remain for several days, ascending to the top of the hole every day for the purpose of becoming used to the light and air. When they get ready to change, they leave their burrow and crawl up the trunks of trees and other objects. After resting a short time, they make a longitudinal rent in the back of the pupa skin, and withdraw the body from it, and come forth a perfect cicada, leaving the empty pupa skin still fastened to the tree. In this state they live only a few weeks.

There is another cicada very common in this country which requires only thirteen years to complete its transformation. The common "dog-day harvest fly," lives only one year under ground; it is of a black color, and covered with a white substance, like meal; it is much larger than the former.

The Greeks were delighted with the music of these insects, and used to keep them in cages for the sole purpose of enjoying their music; they also used the pupa and perfect insect for food. The Indians now roast and fry them, and consider them an excellent dish.

Birds are also very fond of their eggs, and destroy a great many. Rats, squirrels and other animals eat the insects. It is said that during one of the last cicada or "loenst" years the farmers' wives of the eastern States made a good article of soup from them. All these things help to keep these insects in check.

Biography.

JOSEPH SMITH, THE PROPHET.

(Continued.)

JOSEPH occupied, in the days of which we write, all his time in translating the Bible, receiving revelations, teaching the Saints, and traveling and preaching. He still lived at Hiram. One night in March, 1832, a mob burst into his house. He had been watching over a sick child and was asleep at the time. When he awoke they were carrying him out of the house. These mobbers carried him to a meadow close by. They tore all his clothes off, and scratched and pounded him severely. They covered his body with tar, and the feathers which they shook on the tar they had stolen out of Sidney Rigdon's house. Sidney had been carried out of his house at the same time, and the mob had nearly killed him also.

Every time Joseph attempted to stir they threatened to kill him. They tried to force a tar paddle into his mouth; and they also broke a small bottle in his teeth in trying to pour something down his throat. In trying to pour this stuff into his mouth they must have thought to kill him. This stuff was supposed to be *aqua fortis*, or, as it is sometimes called *nitric acid*, as where it was spilled on the ground it burned the grass. This is a very powerful and destructive acid. They also tried to choke him. Had not the Lord prevented them they would, without doubt, have killed him.

Joseph had not done these men harm. His only cause of offense was preaching the truth, and for this the wicked were ready to murder him. The chief leaders of this mob were apostates—men who had been baptized into the Church, and who by committing sin afterwards had lost the Spirit of the

Lord, and denied the truth and been cut off from the Church. Instead of the love they once had towards the work of God and His servants, they had hatred. The most bitter enemies Joseph had during his lifetime were apostates. It has always been so with the servants of God. It was an apostate who betrayed Jesus to his enemies. His name was Judas Iscariot. And it has been through apostates that the most of the servants of God have been killed.

Besides apostates there were, as usual, a good many men who professed to be religious and to love God, in the mob.

Mobbing and abuse did not, however, prevent Joseph from declaring the truth. The next morning after the mobbing, being Sunday, he preached to the people. Among the congregation were several of the mob who had so cruelly abused him the night previous. He baptized three persons that day.

On the 2nd of April, 1832, Joseph, accompanied by four brethren, started on his journey to Missouri, to visit for the second time, the place which the Lord had said should be the centre stake of Zion. While there Joseph held a conference of the Elders and Saints, and received several important revelations, and made arrangements for the publication of the Book of Commandments and also the Hymn Book, and attended to other business.

In returning from Missouri to Kirtland, Joseph had Bro. N. K. Whitney for one of his companions. In these days there were no railroads in the country in which they were traveling. They traveled by stage, and one day the horses got frightened and ran away at full speed. Bro. Whitney attempted to jump out of the coach, and, his coat being fast, his foot caught in the wheel. His leg and foot were broken in several places. They stopped at a tavern in Indiana. While here poison was administered to Joseph in his food. He vomited profusely and brought up large quantities of poisonous matter and blood. So great was the effect upon his system that his jaw came out of its place. This he put back himself, and then went to Bro. Whitney who administered to him in the name of the Lord. Joseph was instantly healed, though the effect of the poison upon his body was so powerful that much of his hair was loosed from his head.

Children, if you will turn to the 16th chapter of Mark, you will find that Jesus, after his resurrection, appeared to his disciples. He told them that certain signs should follow those who should believe. Among the rest, he said, that "if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them." Joseph had proved this promise to be true. He had taken deadly poison; but, through the power of God, it had not killed him, and by having hands laid upon him, he had been healed.

Every one of you, little readers, can have the same blessings, if you will only exercise faith; for the Lord has promised them unto you as much as to any people who ever lived.

You may be sure that Joseph would not want to stop at that place any longer after receiving such treatment. He told Brother Whitney, that if he would agree to start for home in the morning, they should have a prosperous journey. He described to him the various conveyances by which they would travel, and where they would find them, with as much minuteness as if he himself had arranged everything beforehand. This he did through the spirit of prophecy. Joseph had administered to Brother Whitney, and though he was severely injured, he did not fail to eat his food regularly and to have good sleep. He took courage at what Joseph said, and they started. They found everything as he had described, and had a quick passage home.

(To be Continued.)

THE CONFERENCE SONG.

WORDS BY "HUGH KNOWLH."

MUSIC BY PROF. C. J. THOMAS.

Allegretto

Oh the mighty sea of faces, Side by side all climes and races! Such a sight who can for -
get? such a sight who can for - get? For one object met to - gether, As one heart in their en -
deav - or. For what purpose have they met? For what purpose have they met?

Allegretto

'Tis the 'Conference of the cho - sen, Hearts and hands to - gether wov - en: 'Tis God's will they
seek to know As one mighty pulse is beat - ing, Anxious - ly in - struction greet -
ing; Love and union through them flow. through them flow. Love and union through them - flow.

- 2 How attentive all are listening!
And with love, each eye is glistening,
As their leaders truths proclaim!
As kind parents they are chiding,
And as children they abiding;
Knowing that it is their gain.
- 3 See that man so grand and aged,
With his heart and soul engaged,
Teaching with prophetic tongue,
For a lifetime he has led them,
Counselled, cared for all, and fed them,
Bless him all! Bless Brigham Young!
- 4 Ah! wise world! 'tis here thou learnest
How the truth is sought in earnest
By the Saints of latter-days!
Every worldly care is banished,
Discontent and strife have vanished,
As to God they offer praise.

- 5 Think not they care ought for slander,
Of vile tongues who love to pander
Lies transparent as the air.
By their actions they are proved,
As a rock, cannot be moved;
In the right they do and dare.

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